A THUNDER-CLAP FROM NEW-GATE TO THE Quaking Saints OF LONDON,

Their Cabinet of Iniquity Unlookt, and laid open to publick view,

Wherein is discovered, the querks, quillets, subtle whimsies and sophistical devises used by them, to delude and ensnare the ignorant and unlearned, to the disturbance of the Peace of His Majesties Kingdoms.

Also an exact Narrative of their proceedings in the University of *Newgate*, with their strange actings, and devises to raise new Commotions, by divulging treasonable, seditious and rebellious papers through the City of *London*. And the manner how they would have rays'd one *Watson* to life two hours after he was buried.

Written by J. J. *an eye witness of their proceedings; and Licenced according to Order.*

LONDON, Printed by *A. Coe* for *J. J.* and are to be sold at the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1662.

Academiæ Cantabrigiensis
Liber.

A Thunder-clap FROM NEW-GATE TO THE London Quakers.

FIrſt I ſhall give you a Character of theſe new vampt Chriſtians call'd Quakers; A Quaker is a perſon who ſwallows ſhame like ſweet-Butter, his Confidence carryes him beyond all Ordinances, he denys the *Scripture* to be a Rule of Holineſs, building his own foundation on the bottom of his own Hypocriſie, he is full of diſſimulation, a meer Crack-braind and ſelf-conceited piece of Impudence, he will not ſwear but lye without aime, Clouding all evil with a Cloak made of Yeas and Nays; He works altogether *Sophiſti*cally, to inſnare the ignorant and unlearned, perſwading them that the word of God is but a dead Letter, and the life, light and power is in themſelves; He is the *Spawn* of an Anapabtiſt whoſe over-grown opinions (as he ſays) have brought him

through all evils to the height of perfection, so that he beleives and avouches he hath no further to go, but just to step into Heaven it self; he says further he cannot commit sin, or erre in any thing he acts, for he hath nothing but life & light in him: whom he Curses are damn'd, and whom he blesses (he conceives) shall be saved, he is a self-conceited firebrand of Hell, sent on earth as an Engine to set Nations together by the ears: he is full of flattery and deceit, hates all Government, denys Magistracy, and owns no power but his own lusts, and though he subjects to no power he says he owns all; but yet will not submit to any superiour Officer, he denys to swear at all, yet will stand in a lye to the death, which makes him so rough in the throat that he cannot swallow the Oath of Allegiance more out of a self-will'd humor then matter of Conscience, but for his own ends he will Cog, Lye, Flatter, Dissemble, and if may be rap out an Imprecation as bad as an Oath; hee'l pretend to plead only by reason, but it is his own reason, thwarting all others that oppose him, though contrary to reason, truth or Christianity, he is an unmannerly impudent Fellow that hath not so much as moral Civility; his Hat grows as fast on his Head as his ears.

He is one that loves a prison better then his Liberty, pretending to glory in his suffering, not that he loves bonds, but rather that he may live in idleness, and be maintained by a Collection of the Brethren, who work to supply him with all varieryes of Belly-timber, and pomper him up with daintyes as Pig, Mutton, Pye, Pork, Beef, and other daintys, (which I have been an eye Witness of) in so plentifull a manner as is not fit for such miscreants, who Rebel against all Government, both Spiritual and Temporal.

The chief heads of these Belly-gods or Quaking Saints are old Jesuiticall opinionists, who have travelled through other Countrys so long, that they are forced to return to their own; as *Fisher*, *Burrows*, *Baily*, and several others, besides a prating *Parrot* that came lately from *Rome*, Who if they had continued longer beyond Seas, might have had as great a Crop of Seditious Members there, as here, since their return.

In

In fine, they are a mad, hair-brain'd, bewitcht multitude who seek nothing more then to throw down powers and kingdoms into a confused Chaos, by dissembling and drawing innocent souls into eternal Captivity. Nay in a paper they publisht lately they would appear to be Prophets.

To Prophesie they also do pretend,
And say the world shall have a sudden end;
Nay in short space they prophesie to know
In London-Streets for stones green grass shall grow.

Thus do these lying Prophets, or confident Quaking Christians unchristian themselves by their Impudent actions; for since their comming to New-gate for disobeying the *Act* against private meetings, they did in contempt fling down Treasonable Libels from the Leads into the Streets, on purpose to raise new Insurrections in his Majestyes Kingdome; till they were prevented by the diligent care of the Master Keeper, by whose Order they were taken away, and several hundreds of them burned which were stufft with lyes and subtle devises to pervert the ignorant and unlearned, to the great disturbance of the peace of his Majestyes Kingdome.

But to give you a hint of the actions of these Metropolitan dissemblers, I shall insert some few, here being only room in this sheet to draw the Curtain from before these Quaking Puppets. Not long since a Common Strumpet (being brought into *Newgate* for some notorious fact) took notice of one of these black Saints, and said, that the *Monday* before he would have given her mony if she were free to satisfy his lust, which she would not consent to at his price, all which he could not deny; for if she had been as free as he, she might soon have been made a fellow creature, so that though they will not swear, they will lye with any body; and though they be perfect (as they say) yet some scurf of fleshly lust is still left behind, which like a scab doth make a flaw in the Scutchion of their purity.

This

This ſtory is much like that of their Phantick Champion Cap. J. G. the devout *Tanner*, (a priſoner not long ſince in the ſame place) who acted a part of *Tu quoque* in *Newgate* on the Stage of a maid, after the *Chillinden* faſhion, as ſhe confeſſed, when he proved falſe to her, in not providing her a lodging and marrying her (according to promiſe) though he had a wife of his own at the ſame time.

For lying none can go beyond them, except ſome little devil ſhould leap out of the mouth of Grand Pluto, as will appear by the enſuing ſtory, *viz.*

Some few weeks ſince one *Watſon* dyed (who was a priſoner amongſt theſe diſſembling converts) and his brother came the day following to fetch away his bed-cloths, which he brought down into the Lodg belonging to *Newgate*, whereupon the turn-key (fearing ſome of the Maſter Keepers cloths ſhould be amongſt them) deſired him to lay them down (intending to ſee whether there were or no) but he out of ſtubbornes deny'd him, upon which, the Turn-key took hold of the rope that ty'd them, and pull'd them from him, which ſome of theſe lying *Sophiſters* ſeeing, preſently gave out a report, that three men fell upon him and kickt him up and down the Lodge, though they never toucht his body, as will (if occaſion require) be juſtified by the teſtimony of ſeven or eight ſeveral witneſſes, who were then and there preſent.

One of their chief witneſſes was black-mouth'd *Vulcan*, or *Mulciber* the Black-ſmith of hell, (a turbulent fellow whom ſome call J. *Bury*) he blaz'd the report ſtrongly, and juſtified it ſtoutly, though when the buſineſs was acted, he was at leaſt four pair of ſtairs high, which muſt needs be an invallid Witneſs, except he had the art of Inſpection, and could ſee thorow four floores at once, or left his eyes hanging on the Iron Grates, as a Centry, to view this unthought of and unacted combate.

Another of the blind-guided tremblers was ſo unreverend, that when the ſervants were locking up the Jayle, he ſaid; If they

they lock'd up the leads they were fools that lay above, if they did not take the Pulpit Cushion and empty it and ease their Bodies in the Case; If this be Christianity Reason or plain honesty, the Devil may well be Governour in a Common-Wealth of such audacious Subjects.

Not long after the aforesaid *Watson* was buried, which being done, within two hours comes down one of the Lunatick brethren who sitting in the Lodge, resolved to work a miracle, and said Arise, arise, arise from the dead, the Brethren waiting by him expecting *Watsons* coming again, but no *Watson* appearing after he had said it three times, the Turn-key shewd a greater miracle for he said, arise and go up stairs, quoth he, I must not for I am commanded to stay for a time, upon which the Turn-key lifted him up, and no sooner he was in a doors, but he was transported up stairs into the Leads where he was suddenly (for madness that he could not raise the dead) possest with the Devil, and with raving screeking, howling, tossing and tumbling, and other horrid noise he shock the roof, so that the Anabaptists who lay underneath could not rest all night, affirming in the morning that he was possest with the Devil, which they that unlockt are able to witness.

Upon Munday the first of *September*, 1662. One of these mad bewitcht hypocrites was commanded by the Devil and their Jesuitical Fathers to do penance, through *Bartholmew-Fair* with a pan of fire-coals on his head, which he did willingly, as a Meritorious piece of madness, and stripping himself naked, he set the pan on his head with the fire burning, and ran round the Fair till he came to the Hospital gate, where he flung down the pan breaking it in pieces expressing some words not fit to be inserted by any but Rebels to their King and Country.

Great pity it was indeed that this shameless piece of madness went unpunished, for had his back been well *Nayled* by the Bridel it might have been a warning for the future to all such shameless pieces of madness, who neither fear God honour

honour the King nor believe in any thing but their own Lusts and inventions, thinking themselves to be all in all.

Their manner of Burial is disorderly and unhandsome, the Corps being put in a Coffin without a decent covering, contrary to the custom of all other Christians. For two of them being Dead were brought by New-gate one being carried with the head formost the other with the head behind, so that they were turn'd tayle to tayle like *Samsons* Foxes, with a great gang of silly women following like so many dumb images, and convey'd to the ground where they were flung in like Dogs without any word of Instruction to those that accompany the Bodies of these Monstrous Christians.

FINIS.

Coll. Mar 31/53
D. Wall